

HEY, KIDS! IT'S...

Ukulele Jim's Jumping Flea Circus



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THE JUMPING FLEA CIRCUS

JAMES ANDREW CLARK: VOCALS, UKULELE, FLEAS, DRUMROLL
BEN TICEHURST: TUBA, ORGAN, CELESTA

WHAT WILL YOU BE?

JAMES ANDREW CLARK: VOCALS, UKULELE
EVA CLARK: VOCALS
TRISTAN CLARK: VOCALS
BEN TICEHURST: BASS, DRUM, FLUTE, XYLOPHONE, CLARINET

ROCK A BYE BABY

(TRADITIONAL; JAMES ANDREW CLARK)
JAMES ANDREW CLARK: VOCALS, UKULELE, HANDCLAPS
TIM ADAMS: PIANO
BEN TICEHURST: BASS
RAUL RODRIGUEZ JR.: DRUMS

THE LONELY LITTLE SAXOPHONE

JAMES ANDREW CLARK: VOCALS, UKULELE
BEN TICEHURST: BASS, DRUM, CLAPS, SHAKER
GAIL MORRISSET: BACKING VOCAL
NEIL MONTGOMERY: SOPRANO SAXOPHONE

WHEELS ON THE BUS

(TRADITIONAL; JAMES ANDREW CLARK)
JAMES ANDREW CLARK: VOCALS, UKULELE, HANDCLAPS
EVA CLARK: VOCALS
TRISTAN CLARK: VOCALS
LISA CLARK: VOCALS, HANDCLAPS
NADJIM KEBIR: DRUMS
BEN TICEHURST: PIANO
LONNIE WILSON: UPRIGHT BASS

YELLOW BIRD

(WRITTEN BY NORMAN LUBOFF, ALAN BERGMAN, AND MARILYN BERGMAN.
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JAMES ANDREW CLARK: VOCALS, UKULELE
MATT MINIEA: BASS
GAIL MORRISSET: HAMMERED DULCIMER
RICK BERLS: DRUMS, PERCUSSION

LITTLE STAR

JAMES ANDREW CLARK: VOCALS, UKULELE
BEN TICEHURST: BACKING VOCAL, BASS, CLARINET, CELLO, VIOLA, GLOCKENSPIEL

THE HERO SONG

JAMES ANDREW CLARK: VOCALS, UKULELE
EVA CLARK: VOCALS
TRISTAN CLARK: VOCALS
LONNIE WILSON: UPRIGHT BASS
RAUL RODRIGUEZ JR.: DRUMS, PERCUSSION

THE COWBOY SONG

(WRITTEN BY JOHN PATRICK SHANLEY. PUBLISHED BY JOHN PATRICK SHANLEY.
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JAMES ANDREW CLARK: VOCALS, UKULELE
LONNIE WILSON: BACKING VOCAL, UPRIGHT BASS
DAVID MARTELL: PERCUSSION

BEDTIME BLUES

JAMES ANDREW CLARK: VOCALS, BARITONE UKULELE
EVA CLARK: VOCALS
TRISTAN CLARK: VOCALS

THE JUMPING FLEA CIRCUS (REPRISE)

JAMES ANDREW CLARK: VOCALS, UKULELE, FLEAS

LET'S HAVE AN OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS [BONUS TRACK]

JAMES ANDREW CLARK: VOCALS, UKULELE, JINGLE BELLS

ALL SONGS WRITTEN BY JAMES ANDREW CLARK, EXCEPT WHERE NOTED. MIXED AND MASTERED BY
CRYSTAL MIXING (WWW.MYSPACE.COM/CRYSTALMIXING). ADDITIONAL ENGINEERING ON "ROCK A BYE BABY"
BY BEN TICHWURST. RECORDED ALL OVER THE WORLD BETWEEN MAY 2009 AND OCTOBER 2010.

COVER DESIGN BY CHRIS FASON - [HTTP://FASON.DEVIANTART.COM](http://FASON.DEVIANTART.COM)

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MANY THANKS

- TO ALL THE WONDERFUL MUSICIANS FROM AROUND THE WORLD WHO COLLABORATED WITH ME ON THIS ALBUM
 - TO THE SITE WWW.KOMPOZ.COM FOR PROVIDING US WITH A PLACE TO MAKE MUSIC TOGETHER, DESPITE THE VAST GEOGRAPHICAL DISTANCES BETWEEN US
 - TO MY BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN FOR INSPIRING THE MUSIC AND TAKING PART IN THE FUN
 - TO MY LOVELY WIFE FOR HER ENDLESS SUPPORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT OF MY DREAMS
 - TO MY FAMILY, FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS,
- THIS RECORD COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MADE WITHOUT YOU AND I AM EXTREMELY GRATEFUL.

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The Jumping Flea Circus

All of you children, come gather around
The Jumping Flea Circus is coming to town
The fleas have been traveling all over the world
Spreading their joy to the boys and the girls
All of the fun they have waiting for you
Will only cost you a dime
Come see the flea circus for a limited time

The Tiny Top tent is set up on a tray
And it's tied to a table so it won't blow away
The ringmaster is a jolly little flea
Who stands upon a thimble for all to see
His ukulele is impossibly small
And he plays it impossibly loud
"Welcome to the circus!" he sings to the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Your attention, please!
Welcome, one and all, to the circus of fleas!
Here they come now to the center of the ring...
Watch them perform as they jump and they sing!
They're simply amazing as they leap through the air
And pirouette with the greatest of ease!
Folks, you're in for a treat!
It's the world-famous Circus of fleas!"
(la la la la la la)

A centipede balances on the high wire
Grasshoppers jump through an earring of fire
Spiders are swinging up on the trapeze
Ladybugs dance with the acrobat fleas
Pill bugs are shot from a cannon
The beetles play in a band
The Jumping Flea Circus is the best in the land

Let's give a big cheer (hooray!)
For the smallest show of the year
Oh, The Jumping Flea Circus is finally here!

What Will You Be?

What will you be when you grow up?

What do you want to be?

A doctor, a lawyer, a fire chief?

An astronaut in space, a sailor at sea?

What do you really want to be

when you grow up big and strong?

Do you want to be a famous movie star?

Do you want to fly a plane or race in a car?

There's so many possibilities for you to be
what you want to be!

What do you dream about at night?

What do you see when you sleep?

What kind of animals run through your head
late at night when you're snuggled in bed?

What does the world look like to you

when you're having a wonderful dream?

Do you fly like a bird through the big blue sky?

Does it still feel real when you open your eyes?

There's so much you can do in your dreams,
you can be what you want to be!

I have a special wish for you:

May the best of your dreams come true!

Try your best from the very start,

believe in yourself and always follow your heart.

There's a whole world of opportunity

for you to be what you want to be!

Oh yeah, be what you want to be!

You can be what you want to be!

Rock A Bye Baby

Rock a bye baby in the tree top
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall
And down will come baby, cradle and all

Baby is drowsing, cozy and fair
Mother sits near in her rocking chair
Forward and back the baby she swings
Though baby sleeps, he hears what she sings

From high on the rooftops, down to the sea
No-one's as dear as baby to me
With wee little fingers and eyes so bright
Now sound asleep 'til the morning light

Rock a bye baby in the tree top
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall
And down will come baby, cradle and all

The cradle will rock and roll
The cradle will rock and roll
The cradle will rock and roll
All through the night

The cradle will rock and roll
The cradle will rock and roll
The cradle will rock and roll
All through the night

The cradle will rock and roll
The cradle will rock and roll
The cradle will rock and roll
All through the night

The cradle will rock and roll
The cradle will rock and roll
The cradle will rock and roll
All through the night

All through the night

The Lonely Little Saxophone

The lonely little saxophone lived in a case all alone.
Nobody would play with her, and it made her so very sad.

She belonged to a little boy always busy with his other toys.
He never played the saxophone and it made her feel so bad.

And she cried,

"Won't somebody play with me and listen to my lovely melody?
I only want to sing real loud and be a part of a band."

The saxophone was placed on a shelf. She sat up there all by herself.
The little boy forgot all about that beautiful horn that he had.

And she cried,

"Won't somebody play with me and listen to my lovely melody?
I only want to sing real loud and be a part of a band."

Oh, if you could only see what fun there could be!
There's a music jubilee waiting inside of me
(and inside of you)."

Over time, the boy grew old and had a little boy of his own.
He took the saxophone from the shelf and he handed her down to his lad.

And she cheered,

"Somebody is playing with me! We're making such a lovely melody!
I finally get to sing real loud and be a part of a band!"

Wheels On The Bus

The wheels on the bus go round and round.
Round and round, round and round.
The wheels on the bus go round and round
all through the town.

The people on the bus go up and down.
Up and down, up and down.
The people on the bus go up and down
all through the town.

The door on the bus goes open and shut.
Open and shut, open and shut.
The door on the bus goes open and shut
all through the town.

The boy on the bus says, "Let's go play!
Let's go play! Let's go play!"
The boy on the bus says, "Let's go play!"
all through the town.

The girl on the bus says, "Tee hee hee!
Tee hee hee! Tee hee hee!"
The girl on the bus says, "Tee hee hee!"
all through the town.

The wheels on the bus go round and round.
The kids on the bus go up and down.
Everybody makes such a silly sound
as the big yellow bus rolls all through town!

The wheels on the bus go round and round.
Round and round, round and round.
The wheels on the bus go round and round
all through the town.

The horn on the bus goes beep, beep, beep.
Beep, beep, beep, beep, beep, beep.
The horn on the bus goes beep, beep, beep
all through the town.

The wipers on the bus go swish, swish, swish.
Swish, swish, swish, swish, swish, swish.
The wipers on the bus go swish, swish, swish
all through the town.

The motor on the bus goes zoom, zoom, zoom.
Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom.
The motor on the bus goes zoom, zoom, zoom
all through the town.

The mommy on the bus says, "I love you.
I love you, I love you."
The daddy on the bus says, "I love you, too!"
all through the town.

The wheels on the bus go round and round.
The kids on the bus go up and down.
Everybody makes such a silly sound
as the big yellow bus rolls all through town!

The wheels on the bus go round and round.
Round and round, round and round.
The wheels on the bus go round and round
all through the town.

All through the town.

All through the town!

Yellow Bird

Yellow bird, high in banana tree.
Yellow bird, sitting alone like me.
Did your lady friend leave the nest again?
That is very sad, makes me feel so bad.
You could fly away, in the sky away.
You more lucky than me.

I once had me a pretty girl
(she not with me today).
They all the same, those pretty girls.
They make their nest, then they fly away.

Yellow bird, high in banana tree.
Yellow bird, sitting alone like me.
You should fly away, in the sky away.
The picker's coming soon,
he picks from night 'til noon.
Black and yellow you, like banana too,
they might pick you someday!

I wish I were a yellow bird,
I'd fly away with you.
But I am not a yellow bird,
so here I sit, nothing else I can do.

Yellow bird.

Yellow bird.

Little Star

Twinkle twinkle, my little star
Beautiful baby, how lovely you are
You light up my darkness like a star in the sky
Wonderful child, light of my eye
My star, you know that you are
My star, my little star

Little darling, tell me why do you cry?
Daddy is here and I'm right by your side
With arms wide open just to hold you tight
There's nothing to fear on this beautiful night
My star, you know that you are
My star, my little star

My sky was dark until you arrived
You gave me a smile that lit my life
You stole my heart, my little star

Twinkle twinkle, my little star
Beautiful baby, how lovely you are
You light up my darkness like a star in the sky
Wonderful child, light of my eye
My star, you know that you are
My star, my little star

The Hero Song

If I was a super-hero, I might have the power of flight.
I'd run faster than a bullet, round up evil everywhere,
and deal justice with my might.

You might never see someone as great as me - I'll make history!
You might choose to be the one who flies with me high above the city.
We could be a team, the best that's ever been! We will always win!
We'll fight our enemies if you'll agree to be my sidekick.

If I was a super-villain, taking lots and lots of cash,
I would have a secret hideout where I'd build my secret weapons
and my wicked plans would hatch.

You might never see someone as bad as me - I'll make history!
You might choose to be the one who hides with me deep beneath the city.
We could be a team, the worst that's ever been! We will sneer and grin!
We'll fight our enemies if you'll agree to be my henchman.

If I had some super powers, I would do what's right and fair.
I would always use them justly (although, a big flat-screen TV
would look so nice inside my lair...)

You might never see someone as great as me - I'll make history!
You might choose to be the one who flies with me high above the city.
We could be a team, the best that's ever been! We will always win!
We'll fight our enemies...

Together we can be...

Heroes!

The Cowboy Song

Ee he o he-o cowboy
Ee he o he-o oooo
Ee he o he-o cowboy, cowboy, cowboy
Under the moon.

I was ridin' my horse
by the Rio Grande
and all o' them coyotes singing
in a prairie symphony.

I was ridin' my horse
down by the Rio Grande
when I seen me a cowboy, cowboy, cowboy,
ridin' toward me.

Ee he o he-o cowboy
Ee he o he-o oooo
Ee he o he-o cowboy, cowboy, cowboy
Under the moon

He was twirling his guns
And he had a guitar
And we sang us up a sweet old
song about love
Under the stars

Ee he o he-o cowboy
Ee he o he-o oooo
Ee he o he-o cowboy, cowboy, cowboy
Under the moon

Giddyup!

Bedtime Blues

The day is done and it's getting late
The clock on the wall reads a quarter to eight
I round up the kids to put them down for the night
But they won't lie down, they just put up a fight
I say "go to bed" but the children refuse
They're giving me a case of those bedtime blues

It's nine o'clock, it's time for bed
But all I'm getting are excuses instead
They put on their PJs and brushed their teeth
But they keep running 'round and they won't go to sleep
They're all wound up, they don't want to snooze
It's giving me a case of those bedtime blues

Come on, kids, have some mercy for your old dad
There's nothing under your bed, the dark ain't bad
Stop making a fuss 'cause it's driving me mad

I look at the clock and it's half past ten
The kids start complaining all over again
I read them some stories and sing lullabies
But they're wormin' and a-squirmin'
And they won't shut their eyes
They got me workin' on a real short fuse
It's gettin' me a case o' them bedtime blues

Come on, kids, take some pity on your old dad
There's nothing under your bed, the dark ain't bad
Stop making a fuss 'cause it's driving me mad

The clock strikes twelve and I don't hear a sound
The kids tired out from all that running around
I tuck 'em in bed and I turn out the light
Hugs and kisses and I tell 'em good night
I played it cool and I made it through
I survived the bedtime blues
The kids are asleep
Now it's bedtime for daddy, too

The Jumping Flea Circus (Reprise)

The sun has gone down
The tent is put away
The circus shuts down
At the end of the day
Everything's quiet
As the fleas lie down to sleep

And all that remains
Of their wonderous display
Are the memories we carry away
The Jumping Flea Circus
Will come back someday

